Qu. Oh *Henry*, reuerſe the doome of gentle Suffolkes baniſhment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle *Suffolke*,
Speake not for him, for in England he ſhall not reſt,
If I ſay, I may relent, but if I ſweare, it is irreuocable.
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

Exit King and Warwicke, Manet Qu. and Suffolke.

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womaniſh man, canſt thou not curſe thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them, wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
Could curſes kill as do the Mandrakes grones,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice ſo many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one diſtraught,
And euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,
Should I not curſe them. Poiſon be their drinke,
Gall worſe then gall, the daintieſt thing they taſte.
Their ſweeteſt ſhade a groue of Cypreſſe trees.
Their ſofteſt touch as ſmart as lyzards ſtings.
Their muſicke frightfull, like the ſerpents hiſſe.
And boding ſcritch-owles make the conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell.

Qu. Enough ſweete *Suffolke*, thou torments thy ſelfe.

Suff. You bad me ban, and will you bid me ceaſe?
Now by this ground that I am baniſht from,
Well could I curſe away a winters night,
And ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Queene.

Queene. No more. Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,
Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,
Ile haue an Iriſh that ſhalt finde thee out,
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venter to be baniſhed my ſelfe.
Oh let this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That when thou ſeeſt it, thou maiſt thinke on me.
Away I ſay, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilſt thou ſtandeſt heere.

Suffolke. Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter Vawſe.

Queene. How now, whither goes *Vawſe* ſo faſt?

Vawſe. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſty,
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke *Humfrues* Ghoſt,
And whiſpers to his Pillow as to him,
And ſometimes he cals to ſpeake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his Grace,
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

Queene. Go then good *Vawſe* and certifie the King.

Exit Vawſe.

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men muſt die,
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.
But why mourne I for him, whilſt thou art heere?
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou ſure muſt die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,
VVhat were it elſe, but like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breathe my ſoule into the ayre,
as milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug betweene his lips,
VVhere from my ſight I ſhould be raging madde,
and call for thee to cloſe mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to ſtop my dying ſoule,
That I might breathe it ſo into thy body,